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Graduate of the Pennsylvania College of
DENTAL SURGERY.

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Has removed to Broad Street, opposite the
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Hon. Geo. Earle, late Ass't. Post. Gen'l.,
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I will let out at a moderate rent, until the 1st
of October, the pasture connected with the Rec-
tory of St. Ann's Church, Appoquinimink, at a
low price.
JOHN COLLINS McCABE.
may 31-2w

Select Poetry.

A SAD STORY.

It is about an ancient cannibal man
Who came from an island near Japan,
A cannibal man who was tough and old
When Barham bought him and paid in gold,
And whether the man or Barham was sold,
You will learn in this solemn story.

His teeth were sharp as the teeth of a saw,
And he had two rows in his lower jaw
Filed and polished and ready for use
On any customer full of juice,
Or the first live baby that lay around a house,
For babies were all his glory.

But Barham kept his man in a cage,
Though he felt quite sure, at the fellow's age,
That his cannibalistic feats were done,
Unless he should eat a man for fun;
And once on the sly he fed him one,
Which wasn't a wise proceeding.

For having tasted a white man's meat,
He was always ready to kill and eat,
And he looked with longing at every girl
Who came to the show in shining curls
With cheeks like peaches and teeth like pearls,
And he wondered how they tasted.

It happened once, when the flesh was weak,
That he snatched a bit from a rosy cheek,
When Barham entered the cage to treat him,
The cannibal thought he had come to treat him,
And he straightway began to eat him,
Without even salt or pepper.

And though he was strong and a awful tough,
For a good square meal he proved enough,
Alas! what a terrible error,
That he should eat a man for fun;
That whether cannibal, Greek, or Roman,
He ever so old, you can trust no man.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM RICHMOND.

RICHMOND VA., May 27, 1873.
Mr. Editor—While in the city of
Washington, a few days ago, I concluded,
in company with a friend, to visit Rich-
mond, Va. We left at 7 o'clock,
A. M., for Aquia Creek, and had a most
delightful ride on the Potomac River, of
about thirty-five miles. As we passed
Mr. Vernon, the bell tolled, and all eyes
were directed to the hollowed spot where
lay the ashes of the "Father of his coun-
try."

Reaching Aquia Creek, we went on
board the cars, and in a few minutes we
were off. In a run of twenty miles we
reached Fredericksburg. The town is
not large, and the buildings look very
ancient. Not far from the town a gentle-
man pointed out to me the place where
Gen. Burnside crossed the Rappahannock
river. It was a terrible night of rain
and storm. Just behind the town is a
high hill where the Confederate forces
were entrenched. All who are familiar
with the history of the late war will re-
member what a terrible loss the Federal
troops met with in that battle and how
quick a retreat Gen. Burnside made.

On that high eminence are buried the
Confederate dead, each grave marked, and
the grave-yard looked to be in the most
perfect order. Passing by Fredericks-
burg, about 8 miles above the town,
stands a small brick house. The owner
of the train pointed it out as the place
where Gen. Jackson breathed his last
breath. The country from Aquia
Creek to Richmond, a distance of 82
miles, is poor and unimproved. The
fencing was nearly all burned during the
war, and many of the dwellings.

The clover fields are all out in hay,
and so is the wheat.
The crop of wheat will be very light,
and I did not see a field that would aver-
age more than five or six bushels to the
acre. Every peach tree is laden with
fruit, and the young peaches are nearly
as large as hickory nuts.

We arrived in Richmond at 2 P. M.
Went direct to the Exchange hotel. After
dining we took a carriage and rode until
sundown. Richmond is a more wealthy
place than I expected to see. Its popula-
tion is about 65,000, and their streets are
broad, and some of the most magnificent
residences I ever saw. The State House
and the Governor's mansion are handsome
buildings, and a credit to the city. The
residence of Jefferson Davis, while acting
as Confederate President, is a very large
building, and is now converted into a pub-
lic school.

I took a look at "Castle Thunder,"
and "Libby Prison." They stand not
far from each other, one, now, where
they manufacture suns, and the other
tobacco. The James River is a muddy
stream, and the water rolls rapidly over a
bed of rocks.

Hollywood Cemetery is one of the most
beautiful I ever saw. It contains 75 acres
of ground. To the right, as you enter,
rest the Confederate soldiers. There they
lay, fifteen thousand of them, each grave
numbered. About the center of where
they lay, is erected to their memory a
monument ninety-three feet high, and
forty-five feet square at its base. In this
Cemetery rest the ashes of President
Monroe. While riding through the Cem-
etery I was interrogated by an old gen-
tleman who had in his hand a basket filled
with beautiful flowers. He wanted to
find the grave of Gen. Williams. I told
him I was a stranger, and could inform him
no information. As I came back he
passed him, and he said he had found it.
There he stood by the grave of his Gen-
eral, and he had it beautifully decorated with
flowers. I asked him his age. He re-
plied 70. Said I, "was you not too old for
a soldier?" "Oh! no," said he, "I went
all through the war, and can stand more
now than the most of young men." On

Saturday morning I visited Gov. Walker,
in company with Hon. Eli Saulsbury of
Delaware. The Governor is a very fine
looking gentleman, and said that the
State debt of the two Virginias amounted to
\$45,000,000.

He spoke very hopeful of the election
this fall, and said the Conservatives would
carry it beyond a doubt. He said the
question of race and color would neces-
sarily enter into the campaign, and Sat-
urday's *Richmond Enquirer* stated the
truth so pointedly I will recite a short ex-
tract from its editorial. It says:

"The Democratic party has acted frank-
ly, fairly and justly toward the negroes.
It has enforced the laws impartially. It
has made them no promises it has not
kept; it has recognized and respected
their rights. It will continue to do so.
But it has maintained, it still maintains,
and it means to maintain forever that
white men should not be ruled by black
men."

White voters of Virginia the issue will
be before you at the fall elections: Black
or White, which race is to govern in our
Commonwealth? For the sake of both
races let us have the same verdict we had
four years ago."

I also called on ex-Governor Wise,
whom I found in his law office preparing
a brief. He is about 67 years of age, and
looks fresh and rosy.

As one of the commissioners to locate
the boundary between Virginia and Mary-
land, he sent last year, a messenger to
England, and procured nine volumes, and
among them was one containing in manu-
script the correspondence between Lord
Baltimore and William Penn, dated May
5th, 1733. It was surprising to see how
well the penmanship was executed. It was
amused at his remark in reference to
Penn, he said he was the greatest "Sam
Slick" and the "Slickest Sam" he had
ever read of.

Parting, he remarked, from the prop-
erty of his ancestors, was the greatest strug-
gle of his life. When asked how long it
had been in the family he replied for 250
years.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

FREE TRADE.

Too clearly the masses have become
weary with purely sentimental questions.
Passion has exercised very long enough,
and the people are entitled to absolute
dispute with the constant, or frequent agi-
tation of irritating and noisy, which not
only have become stale, flat and unprofit-
able, but have ceased, long since, to find
application in existing circumstances. The
war, with its hatred, malice and unchar-
itable passions, is a matter of history. "Re-
construction" with all its iniquities and
crimes its complete revolution of the gov-
ernment of the United States, from one
of "consent of the governed," as our fathers
made it, to one of compulsory abedi-
ence by States, lately sovereign, to the will
of the dictator, is *admitted enough*. The
will of the dictator, at least in our day, will
there be such a return of justice and rea-
son to the minds of a sufficient number of
the people to warrant the expectation that
those unconstitutional measures, which
were inaugurated by "petty and fraud,"
and enforced by the bayonet, will be so
soon as "null and void." Wrong, as
we candidly believe, but, nevertheless,
really the organic law has been altered,
and a Federal Republic has been supplanted
by a Nation.

But, grieved and chagrined as we are
that we are receding fast, it is not our
purpose today to indulge the feelings
which their contemplation naturally engender.
We find that the masses are disposed to
let the dead past bury its dead.

And, pinched by the effects of laws which
are *parted* in their operation; squirming
under the special and unjust legislation of
Congress, they are beginning to feel the
torment of a government for the few at the
expense of the many, and to open their
eyes to the methods by which this justice
is inflicted. There is but a short inter-
val between sensitiveness to wrong, on the
part of him who is able to remedy the
wrong, and the application of the remedy
—especially when the agent to procure re-
lief is within reach. Large masses of our
people are feeling the things which our
present Protective Tariff is darting into
their vitals. In the low prices of all the
products of the soil and the high prices of
all manufactured and imported articles,
every farmer in the country is feeling
keenly that "something is rotten in the
State of Denmark." More; not only is
their sensibility to injustice aroused, but
with their strong common sense, they are
beginning to locate the cause of their
troubles. They see that their soil is as
productive as ever; their crops are as
abundant as formerly; but, notwithstanding,
they get poorer every year. And
while this is true of them, how is it with
the favored few whose labor brings vastly
increased remuneration in consequence of
the high Protective Tariff? By this spe-
cial, class legislation, the manufacturer's
profits are doubled, and in some instances
quintupled. He grows rich. He re-
ceives luxuries. But the farmer—the home
and sinner of the country—finds that it
takes two and sometimes three bushels of
his wheat to pay what formerly, he re-
ceived for the operation of the Protective Tariff, one
bushel would pay for. He, making as
much out of the ground as ever, is, nev-
ertheless, growing poor. So it will ever
be. The Protective Tariff, then, is the
great cause of the large masses of the peo-

OVERHAULED BY A PIRATE.

On a fine morning in May, 1831, I was
rounding Cape Frio, on the coast of Bra-
zil, in the brig Caron, bound from Glas-
gow to Rio de Janeiro, and although we
had our share of rough weather on the
way, I can't remember a voyage that I
enjoyed more. It was about ten in the
morning, and I was lying on a spare sail
in the maintop, reading and looking thro'
my telescope about, when all at once the
skipper shouted up to me, "Maister K—
—, wull ye jist tak' a look through
the prospect (telescope) on yae craft on
the weather bow?" I levelled my glass
at her, and made her out to be a long, low
lying craft, seemingly standing away from
us, and so I reported to the captain. But
in another ten minutes or so his voice
came up again (and this time with rather
a different sound in it): "Maister K—
—, I dinna like the look of yae craft; wull
ye jist tak' another look at her?" "Why?"
said I, levelling my glass, "she's changed
her course; she's coming right down
upon us." "Wad you kindly bring
down the prospect, sir? I wad like to tak'
a look myself!" This time there was a
tremor in his voice which no one could
mistake. I began to feel uncomfortable
and came down past last.

The skipper took the glass, and I
watching him as he looked through it, saw
his great red face grow whiter and whiter
till it was livid as a corpse, and he just
got out four words in a kind of half-choked
whisper: "She's an armed vessel!" I
understood it all in a moment, and so did
every one else that heard him. This was
just at the close of the war between Bra-
zil and Buenos Ayres, and the Eastern
coast was swarming with ex-pirators,
who had been thrown out of work by the
peace and didn't care where they attacked
so long as there was anything to beget by
it. For one moment we thought of show-
ing fight. That idea wouldn't hold water.
Not a cannon nor a pike was there on
board, let alone firearms, and our crew
was the most innocent set you can imagine
—quiet, easy-going Westland Scotsmen,
mostly married men, with broad, good-
natured, simple faces, like the villagers in
a poor man's house.

The very sight of them would have
been enough to reassure any pirate on
earth, and the only thing left to be done
was to try stratagem. So the captain
gave orders to rig up as many dummies as
possible, with arms and all, and to look
as if we were mustered pretty strong—
and every one began to conceal his valu-
ables—I put my gold watch among the
grounds of the coffee pot, the surgeon
dipped his case of instruments under a
house plank, and our skipper hid the chro-
nometer. Meanwhile the pirate (he now
was coming down upon us like a culture. She
ran across our bows and lay to within
easy hail, so that we could see every face
on board of her. And a rare sight they
were! There seemed to be no discipline
among them—neither captain nor officers;
all were dressed alike, in coarse guiney
trunks, taken, no doubt, from some ship
which they had plundered. There were
men of all nations—Sallow Spaniards and
red-faced Englishmen; lean, olive-colored
Portuguese, and brawny, yellow-haired
Germans; gaunt, half-bred Yankees,
and cretins looking Malattars; but upon
each and all was that nameless stamp
which marks the man whose some great
crime has cut off from him his fellow—the
kind of look that I have seen many a time
among the worst class of convicts.

It is always difficult for a man to fore-
tell how he will feel when suddenly brought
face to face with a deadly peril. I have
seen a man whose life was hanging by a
hair, watch curiously, the movements of a
spider on his window. I, myself, in the
crisis of the deadliest scrape I was
ever in, found leisure to note the peculiar
shape of a cloud in the sky. I remem-
ber, as it if were yesterday, that my first
feeling at sight of the pirates was one of
rage—a kind of angry disgust at the idea
of such mean-looking rascals daring to
attack us at all.

But I had a little time to think of it,
for just as they ran alongside of us, our
skipper, to my astonishment, coolly hailed
them.

"Ship, ahoy! What's your name?"
There was a pause before they answered—
giving some Spanish name, which I for-
got.

Our skipper left them to time to think
about it, but went on: "What's your car-
go?" (It's guid to hae the first word, Mr.
K—). "Fish." "That's a lee and a
big one, sir," said the captain to me in a
whisper; "nae fishing vessel would hae
less than fourte boats, and your craft has
but ten. Where do you come frae?" He
added aloud, "From the Falkland Isles."
"How many days?" "Nine." "That's
naither lee, Maister K—; nae vessel
can do't in less than sixteen. (Aloud.)
Where are ye bound for?" "Pernambuco."
Then came a pause. We were at the
end of our questions, and now the pi-
rates must have their turn. In that ter-
rible interval, with the worst of all deaths
staring us in the face, there came the
strangest, wierdest mingling of broad fun
with the black horror that encompassed
us.

Our good, simple-hearted crew had
obeyed the captain's orders to "rig up
dummies," by sticking up a lot of spars,
close together as the rails of a palisade,
with old hats and jackets flapping upon
them like scarecrows; while on the round-
house itself appeared an enormous Kilmar-
nock bonnet, as if some giant had sudden-
ly risen up through the very roof. This

last absurdity made the cup of the skip-
per's patience overflow altogether. "Ye
drunken rascals!" he growled under his
breath, "do ye think any man wad put
his head through a roon house? or that the
blackguards can be frichtit like crows in a
field? It's enough to make them board
us at once, for daurin' to mak' fools o'
them!"

"Ship ahoy! What's your name?"
The sharp, stern call fell across his
mutterings like the cut of a sword. The
captain started and answered, "The Caron,
from Glasgow." "What's your car-
go?" "Coal." (There's nae guid tellin'
them, Maister —, that we hae Manches-
ter goods aboard; they wad cut our throats
for the half of them.") "Where are ye
bound for?" "Rio de Janeiro." There
was another pause; and then came a
searching question: "Do you reckon by a
chronometer or by time?" "By time."

Then ensued a deep silence; and in
that dead hush of expectation I could al-
most hear the beating of my own heart.
The Captain's face looked pinched and
drawn like a three days corpse; and the
surgeon, who was standing near me, bit
his lip till the blood ran down. It was
not the thought of being killed that trou-
bled us, but to die butchered like sheep,
without a chance of resistance, was more
than we could bear. We could see that
there was discussion going on among the
pirates, and that many of them were for
boarding us at once. Hands were point-
ed at us again and again, and voices rose
up high and fierce in a jargon of all
languages at once, till at last (we seemed
to have lived a lifetime in those few min-
utes) we heard the order given to "put
draw off," and the pirate began slowly to
draw off. Then we knew that we were
saved, and every man drew a long breath,
as if he had risen from the grave. But
as the pirate were round, as though she
had still one more dose in store for us,
I saw something in the after part of her
that made my blood run cold. She was
just coming about, and her cabin hatch-
way was right opposite me, when sudden-
ly there rose half way up the face of a
young girl, beautiful exceedingly,
but with a horror of utter despair in
every feature that made one's flesh creep
to look at. The face of Melba was no
ghostlier or more horrible, and as for her
eyes—I see them sometimes in my dreams
even now. When she saw me looking at
her (the pirates were all forward, and
could not see that she was there), she
just closed her hands and looked up
to the sky with a gaze like a lost soul
taking its last glance of heaven, and then
vanished as she had come—*tragic*.

POSTAL CARD JOKES.

Incidents of the Cheap Diffusion of Intel-

ligence.

That new device of Postmaster General
Coxwell, the postal cards, went into cir-
culation yesterday. As they have been
somewhat elaborately described in the
Washington special dispatches for the last
several weeks, it is not necessary to go in-
to particulars here. Besides, nearly ev-
erybody has seen them, and knows how to
describe them himself. But for a general
description it might be said that they are
designed for the distribution of intelli-
gence among the masses at one third the
usual rate. You can write about any-
thing you please on a postal card, so that
it isn't too long—that is to say, the article
that is written. But there are some
things which do not read well on a postal
card. Take for instance a large boarding
house, where the landlady takes care of
the mail until the boarders call for it.
This sometimes makes the diffusion of in-
telligence among the masses a trifle too
diffuse for comfort. The postman comes
to the door with an armful of postal cards.
The landlady relieves him of the burden,
goes in and sits down and begins to sort
them over for the various boarders. Pres-
ently she strikes one which reads thus:

St. Louis, May 17.
My Dear Theopha—Come to night at
half past 10. Side gate open. Bull dog
chained up in the basement. Light in the
window for you. Yours sweetly, E. B. L.

Landlady turns to the other side of the
card. She reads the superscription:

Mr. THEOPHILUS MUFFLECHECK,
No. 13,975 Hash Avenue, City.

Landlady rests her cheek on her left
hand and muses *passim*. Landlady *so-
lilo*: "Well, now, did I ever? Who'd a
thought that Mr. Mufflecheck was that
kind of a man? Came here, too, with the
highest references from his last place—
Pays his board regular every Saturday at
tea. Belongs to our church, too." (Reads
again.) "Half-past ten—dear me, and I
always thought he went to bed regularly
at half-past nine. Bull dog chained up
in the basement! Well, I never! I'll
keep a little watch over Mr. Mufflecheck
I'll expose him before the church." Then
she draws a long sigh, and proceeds with
another card. (Reads)

St. Louis, May 17.

Sir—I have now waited four weeks for
the balance on that suit of clothes. I need
the money. Must have it Monday.

Yours,
NIMBLENECKLE.

Turns to the superscription and reads:

Mr. JEROME B. SCENFLOWER,
No. 13,975 Hash Avenue.

"Well, if ever I heard the like in my
life! Mr. Sunflower is such a nice gen-
tleman. And he uses such elegant per-
fumery. Let me see; he owes me for
two weeks board. Told me this morning
he was expecting a check from home. I
must go to his room and see how much
baggage he has. Dear me, folks are so

unaccountable!" Comes to another:

My Dear Spriggins—Just deposited to
your credit in the Twelfth National, four
hundred. Draw on me at sight for the
balance.

Yours,
B. W. K.

Turns to the superscription and reads:

J. DEDAFIELD SPRIGGINS, Esq.,
No. 13,975 Hash ave., City.

Gracious me! How much like Mr.
Spriggins' own handwriting that is. Singu-
lar that two persons should write so
nearly alike. Let me see. Mr. Sprig-
gins told me he expected some money to-
day.

Enter Spriggins—"Good afternoon"
Landlady—"Here is a postal card for
you."

Sprig—"Oh, yes." (Reads to him-
self.) "That's all right. By-the-way,
madam, have you money enough in the
box to cash a fifty-dollar check? It's
after banking hours, and I just received a
telegram from Kansas City, and must go
on the night train."

Landlady—"I'll go right away and
look in my bureau drawer. I reckon I
can accommodate you." (Landlady returns
with a roll of bills.)

Sprig—Here, I'll just include that
three weeks' board in the check and make
seventy-five. Balances will be fifty.

Landlady counts out fifty, which Sprig,
thrusts into his vest pocket, goes up stairs,
gets his valise and starts to catch the train
for Kansas City. Landlady will discover
to-morrow that the similarity between Mr.
Spriggins' handwriting and that on the
postal card isn't such a singular circum-
stance after all.

It only cost Spriggins one cent to "raise
the wind." These postal cards are an in-
calculable convenience to the toiling mas-
ses.

A VARIATION.

Postman rings at a modest looking
mansion on L. east street. Servant-girl
comes to the door. Postal cards for the
master of the house, who has only been
married a couple of years. Servant-girl
delivers the postal cards to young wife,
Young wife reads:

St. Louis, May 17.
Dear Joe—Will be at the corner Twelfth
and Pine, back, half-past nine. First
two party of boys. Be on hand. Half-
past ten, sharp. Wake 'em up. O. K.

Young wife lays down the postal cards
and elevates her eye-brows. Mr. Cox-
well's cheap method of diffusing intelli-
gence has let a flood of new light in upon
her mind.

Young wife, *solilo*:—"So this is the
club, is it? Riding around in hacks
all night, with a party of first-class boys.
Oh dear, Oh dear!" Then she weeps
copiously and sighs deeply. She will go
home to her mother the very next day!
She never was so wronged and outraged
in her whole life! Weeps again passion-
ately, and seeks the chamber pot—
Young husband, all unconscious, comes
home to supper. Tableau!

A Sad Case.

An English barrister, Henry Weight-
man, driven by want, stole a valuable law
book from the inner Temple Library and
sold it. The theft was traced to him and
he was tried for the offence. The jury
found him guilty, but recommended him
to mercy. He then said: "I rise to ask
your lordship seriously to disregard the
generous recommendation to mercy. I
know my doom is fixed. I believe your
lordship has power to sentence me to five
years' penal servitude. I court that sen-
tence. I cannot suffer more than I have
suffered. I have gone for weeks and

The Middletown Transcript

Published every Saturday by
Edward Reynolds.
TERMS—\$2.00 a year, payable in advance.
No paper discontinued until so ordered, except at the option of the publisher.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.—Advertisements of 10 lines or less will be inserted for \$1.00, and 25 cents for each additional insertion. Business cards, \$10 per year. One-quarter of a column, 3 months, \$5; 6 months, \$10; one year, \$20. One-half of a column, 3 months, \$10; 6 months, \$20; one year, \$40. One column, one year, \$100. Business cards, 10 cents a line for each insertion. Marriages and Deaths inserted free. Obituaries charged for at regular advertising rates.

Book Notices.

Prospectus—Harkness' Magazine comes to us from Wilmington, richly laden with original, instructive and exceedingly interesting stories, essays, historic and biographic sketches and poems. The following are the titles of some of the new and original stories: "The Haunted Mill," an exceedingly interesting ghost story; "Black-Eyed Bella, or the Avenger of the Brandywine," a thrilling story of American Revolutionary times; "The New Bridge at Brandywine," a prize story; "How Uncle Al went for a Soldier," a delightful story for the boys; "The Rain Drop," a charming story for girls; "Forge and Anvil," a collection of historical stories encouraging and instructive to every body but especially to mechanics and all ambitious young men. These stories are mostly elevating and mentally inspiring and afford the only means of doing away with the vile, infamous and trashy novels. Want of space forbids to speak of the biography and history this excellent magazine contains, but it is one considered worth the price of the annual subscription of one dollar per year.

Subscribe for one year by sending one dollar to HARKNESS' MAGAZINE, Wilmington, Delaware.

PEACH TREES.

FOR SALE at the Diamond State Nursery, 100,000 PEACH TREES for Spring planting. Also, a choice lot of

ASPARAGUS PLANTS.
Also, 50,000 USAGE PLANTS.

For circulars, address
JAMES T. SHALLOH,
Feb. 22—M Middletown, Del.

THE BEST IN USE.
HORIZONTAL
ICE CREAM FREEZER.

[Finger's Patent], will produce a finer quality of Cream in less time and with less labor than any other freezer made. It is perfectly airtight and will keep the cream out of the machine in the season in use. Send for circulars to
CHAS. G. BLANCHLEY, Manufacturer,
mail—40 500 Commerce Street Philadelphia.

E. D. BROWN,

IMPORTERS OF
BROWN & GALLIGHER,

FINE BRANDIES, WINES, GINS, &c.

AND DEALERS IN
RYE, WHEAT, AND BOURBON WHISKY.

No. 11 South 9th Street, Philadelphia.
Jan 20—y

DELAWARE HOUSE.

Opposite the City Hall.

513 Market Street,
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

Having recently remodeled and refurnished the above well-known Hotel, I am now prepared to entertain my friends and the public generally in first-class style and at reasonable rates. Patronage solicited.

GEO. W. ORTLIP,
mar 8—6m Proprietor.

To the Public.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Middletown and vicinity that he is prepared to furnish them with all kinds of building at moderate rates. Proprietors of hotels and housekeepers will find it to their advantage to give him a call. Coal and lumber hauled at shortest notice. Orders for baggage or other parcels, left at the Post Office, will receive prompt attention.

N. B.—15 Loads of good building Sand for sale.
Jan. 4—1y. **WM. W. WILSON.**

STRAWBERRY

BASKETS AND CRATES.

WE desire to inform our friends and the public generally that we will keep on hand during the season, a supply of Strawberries Baskets and Crates, which we will sell at the lowest market rates. Give us a call.

J. H. FENIMORE & CO.,
DEALERS IN LUMBER AND HARDWARE,
may 24—4w Middletown, Del.

NOTICE OF

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

THE partnership heretofore existing between Charles W. Jones and Edwin Jones, working under the name of JONES & BROTHER, is this day dissolved, and all persons indebted to said firm will settle with the State and County, who is the only one that is authorized to settle the business of said firm. And all persons not complying with this notice will be held responsible for all indebtedness.

CHAS. W. JONES,
May 1st, 1873—2m. **EDWIN JONES.**

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

THE undersigned, in accordance with a law passed at the last session of the General Assembly, hereby gives notice to the tax-payers of St. Georges Hundred that he is prepared to receive the taxes due the State and County from said Hundred.

J. H. WALKER,
COLLECTOR OF ST. GEORGES HUNDRED,
May 24, 1873—1m Middletown, Del.

LOST.

ON Friday, the 16th inst., on the road leading from Middletown to St. Ann's Church (old) a lady's light spring SHAWL. The finder will confer a favor on the loser by leaving it at S. M. Reynolds' store, Middletown, and will receive a suitable reward.

[may 24—f]

C. MAISEL,

TAILOR, (From Paris),

1321 Chestnut Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

21—1y

Miscellaneous.

\$30000 00 -

worth of Spring Goods just received, which, on examination, will be

FOUND

to surpass any stock

IN MIDDLETOWN

and offered at greatly reduced prices

BY S. M. REYNOLDS.

ALL HAIL YE PEOPLE, FAR AND NEAR,
Of Reynolds' store you now shall hear,
With goods piled up from door to door,
And sold for less than heretofore.

Come and see.

Come see for yourselves, examine our stock.

You'll soon be convinced where goods can be bought.

For quality and price, now mark what we say.

It's the cry of the people it's the cry of the day.

Go to Reynolds' store.

Yes, here is the PLACE for ladies to try.

If a handsome cheap dress they're wishing to buy.

Or a pair of fine Gaiters, it beats all creation.

How we sell them so cheap, it's past calculation.

But it's true.

Yes, it's true, and LADIES have been heard to remark.

As they were homeward bound with the goods they had bought:

"It's a mystery to me how they sell goods so low.

I'm sure they do it, but they wouldn't do so

At the BRICK."

Then down with your CASH, you'll never regret it.

Ten per cent. off on dry goods is better than credit.

Then notice your husband how he'll laugh and talk.

When you say to him, "Dear, just look what I've bought."

But he'll pat his head and say, "I wish I could see you."

The "Hundred Dollar" has carried the day.

You may try all other stores but none can compare.

With the "Hundred Dollar" of Reynolds' store.

Reynolds keeps them.

But to speak of our dry goods alone, and not mention

Our groceries, &c., is not our intention.

One motto is, "Buy cheap, and sell dear."

Then don't pass the door, but give us a call.

You'll surely buy.

Our grocery department you'll find well stocked.

With choice of groceries which cannot be bought

elsewhere.

The same is true of our meat and fish department.

These FACTS which we tell you, your heart should cheer.

And make you rejoice.

We've a large stock of apples, peaches and pears.

Fishing outfit, all kinds of game, and the pound.

But to speak of our dry goods alone, and not mention

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Our grocery department you'll find well stocked.

With choice of groceries which cannot be bought

Railroad Time-Table.

Delaware Rail Road Line.

Summer Arrangement.

On and after Monday, June 24, 1873, (Sundays excepted), Trains will run as follows:

NORTH.

SOUTH.

Delmar.

Philadelphia.

Wilmington.

Seaford.

Greenwood.

Farmington.

Delmar.

Philadelphia.

Wilmington.

Seaford.

Greenwood.

Farmington.

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Philadelphia.

Wilmington.

Seaford.

Greenwood.

Farmington.

Delmar.

Philadelphia.

Phosphates, &c.



THE GREAT FERTILIZER.

RAW BONE

SUPER PHOSPHATE

200 lbs.

MANUFACTURED BY

WALTON, WHANN & CO.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

DEPOTS:

203 WEST FRONT ST. WILMINGTON.

22 SOUTH WHARVES, PHILA.

605 S. CHARLES ST. BALT.

127 N. 3RD ST. ALLEGHENY.

The success of this renowned Fertilizer in all sections of the country proves it to be the best and Cheapest Manure in the market. Possessing all the active properties of Pure Peruvian Guano, together with the more durable qualities of Dissolved Bones, it is unsurpassed in its effects on all crops.

We also manufacture our justly celebrated

DIAMOND STATE BONE MEAL,

AND

Diamond State Ground Bone,

The handsomest and best articles in the market.

200 Pamphlets mailed free on application.

WALTON, WHANN & CO.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

24 South Wharves, Philadelphia.

203 W. Front Street, Wilmington, Del.

37 S. Calvert Street, Baltimore.

March 29, 1873—1y

Farmers, Look to Your Interests!

SOLUBLE PACIFIC

GUANO!

PRICES REDUCED!

STANDARD GUARANTEED.

FARMERS and dealers are informed that this article contains all the requisite elements for fertilizing soil, and will produce a good crop of grain, and a large yield of fruit, and is the best and cheapest article in the market.

The increased demand for this Guano in the Southern and Middle States, has caused a great increase in its price.

It is now sold at the following prices:

100 lbs. \$1.00.

200 lbs. \$1.75.

300 lbs. \$2.50.

400 lbs. \$3.25.

500 lbs. \$4.00.

600 lbs. \$4.75.

700 lbs. \$5.50.

800 lbs. \$6.25.

900 lbs. \$7.00.

1000 lbs. \$7.75.

1100 lbs. \$8.50.

1200 lbs. \$9.25.

1300 lbs. \$10.00.

1400 lbs. \$10.75.

1500 lbs. \$11.50.

1600 lbs. \$12.25.

1700 lbs. \$13.00.

1800 lbs. \$13.75.

1900 lbs. \$14.50.

2000 lbs. \$15.25.

2100 lbs. \$16.00.

2200 lbs. \$16.75.

2300 lbs. \$17.50.

2400 lbs. \$18.25.

2500 lbs. \$19.00.

2600 lbs. \$19.75.

2700 lbs. \$20.50.

2800 lbs. \$21.25.

